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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
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STATE NEWS

At the auction sale to close the P. D. Pike & Son's estate of Stowe the manufacturing plant at the lower village and wild lands on Worcester mountain were bought for \$23,900 by Howard E. Shaw of Stowe. He already has a lumbering business here. The Pike plant manufactures butter packages and deals in all sorts of lumber, employing 30 men. One-sixth of an interest of 95 acres of stumpage timber land in Canada was bought by Walter S. Churchill of Morrisville for \$8,400. Frank A. Straw of Stowe purchased the O. B. Wood block in Morrisville that belonged to the Pike estate, for \$5,000.

Miss Charlotte Hayden and Miss Gertrude Hayden of Woodstock, sisters, both over 70 years of age, are recovering after being near death from inhaling coal gas at a boarding house in Rutland where they are passing the winter. Owing to a damper being turned or some defect in a pipe, the adjoining rooms became filled with gas when a fresh fire was started in a furnace and a maid who went to see why the women had not taken their places at the supper table found them both unconscious on the floor of one of the rooms.

The divorce case of Lillian Kimball Irons of North Ferrisburg vs. T. E. Irons of Mount Holly, which was tried at the September term of Rutland county court, the petitioner getting a bill on the ground of intolerable severity, has been appealed to the Vermont Supreme Court by the libellee. The claim is made that in the lower court the wife did not have sufficient evidence to warrant the issuance of a bill on the ground alleged. Mrs. Irons is the daughter of Mr. and

Mrs. Daniel Kimball of North Ferrisburg. Mr. Irons has brought suit against the woman's parents for alienation of affections.

H. J. M. Jones, newly appointed fuel administrator for Vermont attended a full conference in Boston with the other fuel administrators the last of the week relative to conditions in the New England States. He expects to take a census of Vermont to ascertain the exact condition in each town. Many of the small towns are understood to be short of coal.

The Odd Fellows' block in Richmond was destroyed by fire early Thursday morning. The loss is about \$30,000. The fire was supposed to have started from an over-heated furnace. The fire truck and firemen from Burlington responded and aided in fighting the flames. The structure was a two-story brick building. The blaze had reached the second floor when discovered and the local firemen were unable to cope with it. The Burlington firemen from station one made the trip in 30 minutes.

William Sharrow was arraigned before Judge Nathan N. Post in St. Albans Thursday on a charge of larceny. He was sentenced to serve not less than one year nor more than two years at hard labor in the State prison at Windsor. Sharrow was arrested November 25th on a charge of grand larceny. When the police searched his rooms they found goods valued at several hundred dollars. They had been taken from the Central Vermont freight cars. W. B. Owen was also arraigned in the court charged with having in his possession property said to have been stolen from the Central Vermont Railway Company. He was found guilty and was fined \$50 and

costs which he paid.

The farm house and barn of Morton D. Lyster in Waterford were burned to the ground on Wednesday morning of last week and the neighbors had hard work to save the adjoining property as a strong wind was blowing at the time. Mr. Lyster was serving on a jury in county court at St. Johnsbury and when word came there of the fire Judge Fish excused the jury for two hours that Mr. Lyster might go home. The loss was \$3,000 with \$1,200 insurance. The fire caught around the chimney.

An early morning fire Wednesday last in the kitchen of the Avenue Hotel at St. Johnsbury completely destroyed the kitchen at a loss of \$2,500 and water damaged three stores on the ground floor of the hotel about \$5,000 worth more. The fire started around the chimney at five o'clock and the 40 guests and 20 employees were all aroused and many of the rooms in the hotel were soon filled with smoke. Though a heavy wind was blowing the firemen kept the fire confined to the kitchen and saved the hotel and other valuable real estate that adjoins the hotel on both sides. All the property owners are well insured, though the damage to their goods just before the holidays is an interruption to their trade.

Abraham Newman of Rutland, a cattle dealer widely known throughout New England, was arrested recently on the charge of receiving stolen goods. Newman furnished \$3,000 bail for appearance in court. His arrest is the outcome of an investigation by State Insurance Commissioner J. G. Brown of Montpelier of a fire which destroyed the barns and out-buildings at the dairy farm of Col. H. Edward Dyer in Rutland recently, causing a loss of \$15,000. Mr. Brown is said to have obtained evidence to show that the night before the fire some person drove a number of Col. Dyer's blooded cattle away and substituted scrub animals. The claim is made that the barn was set on fire to cover the theft. The books of Farm Manager Michael Donovan show no exchange of cattle. The prosecution has not disclosed who is suspected of setting the fire. Col. Dyer was former head of the Vermont National Guard.

Italian bonds amounting to 15,600 lire or about \$3,000 in United States money are sought by the office of State's Attorney E. W. Gibson, who had raids made recently at several Italian places of business in Brattleboro. Numerous bonds were found, but they did not bear the serial numbers of those sought. The stolen bonds were taken from the safe in the basement shoe repair shop of Amedeo Deangelis on Main street. He and an employee, who works with him evenings, went to the movies and on their return at 11 o'clock the shop had been entered and the bonds stolen. The

outer door of the safe had not been kept locked and it was found wide open. The inner door had been forced.

The question of whether a girl becomes an adult if she marries is one which is bothering the Rutland city court in the case of Madeline Parker Coburn, arrested recently on the charge of petit larceny. It develops that she is a bride of 12 days although she is only 15 years old. She was taken into court on an ordinary criminal process but if, being under 18, she is still a minor although a wife, a proceeding against her parents, or her husband if it is decided that he has her in custody, would be the natural course of procedure. The case was put over until December 16th so that the matter can be considered. Madeline is charged with stealing a wolf fur neck-piece belonging to Miss Catharine Archambault of Rutland from the cloak room of a dance hall three weeks ago.

The closing session of the Vermont State Grange took place Thursday morning in City Hall in Montpelier and in spite of the general custom of conventions there was a large attendance for the closing session. The morning was occupied with closing up the business for the year. The matter of the date and selection of the next meeting place was left with the executive committee. The master's address, which included remarks approving the action of the national Grange in declining to meet with organized labor in convention, was approved. At the meeting Wednesday evening a checking up showed Thursday morning that a class of 151 candidates received the sixth degree. The exemplification of the unwritten word was done by Willis N. Cady of Middlebury, for which he received considerable commendation. The mileage report showed 201 delegates attended the convention.

At a special meeting of the city council of St. Albans Wednesday last at which several business men were present, final steps were taken to continue the operation of the cars of the St. Albans & Swanton Traction Company whose schedule ended Tuesday night upon orders of Walter R. Dame of Malden, Mass., and W. H. Tylee of Clinton, Mass., directors of the company. Two business men came forward with a cash proposition which gave new light on the matter and which resulted successfully. George H. Hersey first declared that he would offer the \$600, which coupled with what the company is willing to give, would meet the 50-50 compromise proposition which the city council at its meeting Monday night decided was the maximum concession it could make in settlement of the assessment against the railway company for street repair work. When Harold Cohen heard of Mr. Hersey's offer he stated that he would be willing to divide the burden which Mr. Hersey was willing to assume. As a result Mr. Hersey called on Mayor H. M. Drennan and acquainted him with the facts. The mayor immediately called a special meeting. Several of the business men were present at the meeting and offered to contribute to the \$600. Supt. A. W. Peterson, superintendent of the Traction Company, accepted the proposition and the regular schedule has been resumed.

A knife and a shovel played important parts in a row which took place last Wednesday at the foundry department of the Foundry Motor Car Company in St. Albans. Fred Gebo, who was knifed by Emmitt Smith, colored, is confined to his home with an ugly knife wound and Smith is confined to the Franklin county jail, awaiting the outcome of charges preferred against him. Gebo, who, it is said, was the originator of the trouble, went to work that morning as usual, but it is alleged, under the influence of liquor. He first went to Supt. J. G. Corliss and asked for an increase of pay far exceeding his present rate of pay, it was declared. It was explained to him that the company could not meet his wishes and Gebo, it is stated, left the office in an angry mood. He returned to his work in the foundry and soon afterwards began his arguments with Smith. As the story goes Gebo told Smith that he (Smith) was not worth the money that he was receiving and Smith replied that as the foreman found no fault with his work there was no reason why he should. The two men soon came to blows, according to those who witnessed the affair, but they were parted. The foreman gave Smith a job on the outside to keep him away from Gebo. While Smith was working outside he went to a hardware store and purchased a knife, it is stated. After finishing his work out of doors he returned to his old job near Gebo. They soon renewed their argument and Gebo knocked Smith to the floor with a moulder's shovel. Smith got to his feet and grappled with Gebo, at the same time drawing the knife which he plunged into Gebo's back.

Decorating for David

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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Monica was alone in the office when David came in. She was hot and tired and the estimate for the Plymouth house at Great Neck must go out in the evening mail.

Her smile of greeting was a bit wan, but held its degree of charm and invitation. Monica's business manner was a comparatively new asset, and it was with extreme difficulty that the mantle of reserve dropped from her shoulders sufficiently to permit her to chat naturally with the strangers who came into the office.

David Trevor seemed to fill the tiny office. His physical being was big, and a second swift glance told Monica that his mentality promised the same broad proportion.

"I saw your sign, 'Interior Decoration' on the doors," he began, "and have found the courage to plunge in. I have tried for a week to get sufficient pluck to come in."

Monica laughed softly.

"And what were you fearful of finding in this innocent-looking office?" she inquired, with a swift glance into his very blue eyes. "Interior decorators don't usually carry a stock of dangerous things."

"David Trevor did not voice the reply that came naturally to his lips. The same reply would have flung itself into many masculine minds upon beholding the lure of Monica's eyes and the soft sweetness of her voice. Instead, Trevor laughed boyishly.

"I was afraid of meeting with bobbed hair and a wild talk—most decorators go in for that sort of thing, you know. However," he added, as if to make good the reason for his visit, "I want to find out if you have time to furnish an apartment for me. My wife is away in the mountains and will be back in September. I rather wanted her to come home to a wonderful new setting."

"That would give me just August," said Monica. "but I think I can manage nicely." She was all business now and quite forgetful of self. David Trevor found ample time to study her. He smiled from time to time as if glad he had found the courage to enter the office.

He found himself answering a few simple questions as to the size of the apartment, the amount he wanted to spend, what type of furniture he fancied and an idea of color schemes.

His complete disaster when it came to color combinations brought a smile to Monica's lips. He floundered hopelessly.

"Well," she said, finally realizing his utter helplessness regarding interior decorations, "I will assemble a few cretonnes and color schemes for you, and if you like you can send them up to your wife for approval."

"No, no—this is all to be a great surprise package for my wife. I want her to come home in September to an exquisite little home and I want you to do the whole business. I don't mind looking at the cretonnes—you would no doubt feel more satisfied if I approved of them."

So it was that Monica began one of her most artistic bits of work. Trevor's office was just next door to her own, and it was he who took her up first time to see the apartment he had leased.

They went up in Trevor's car and Monica found the studio apartment just such a one as she dreamed of having when her golden ship came into harbor.

There was a huge studio room that would permit of most lovely color effects, and wide couches with heaps of wonderful cushions, a baby-grand, and those great, cozy chintz-clad chairs, and a Chesterfield, with a table behind.

"There will be exquisite rose shades on two lamps," she said to Trevor, "and when your wife sits and sews in the evening she will be so comfy and look so adorable under those lights that—" She stopped abruptly at the queer look in her client's eyes.

"You have the right idea," was all he said.

And Monica found, as the weeks wore on, that David Trevor's apartment was going to be the gem of her career. She found wonderful English cretonnes, gauzes of exquisite hues and furniture that seemed just fashioned for a real home—a home where love would reign supreme.

It became their custom as the drapers hung the curtains and the carpet men put down the rugs and the pictures began to appear on the walls, for David and Monica to make an evening visit to the apartment.

"It grows more charming by the minute," David told her. They had discovered that evening the great cozy chaise longue in the pink bedroom, its back invitingly banked with pillows of softest chiffon and at its side a reading lamp with a chif-fon-shaded lamp that made David smile, so feminine was its charm.

"We must have pink roses in that pink vase—when my wife returns," he suggested.

Monica looked swiftly at him, then more swiftly away. When the pink roses were ordered—then would David Trevor pass out of her life. Something strangely compelling had gripped her heart. She would not allow herself

to realize that out of a whole world of men she had found only one, and that she was furnishing an apartment for that one's wife. The thought sent the blood from her cheeks and David, watching her, felt his own heart beating madly.

He, however, mastered any emotion that made the earth tremble under his feet, and said quickly: "If you don't mind, and if it wouldn't interfere with your ideas—could we not have those four prints you so admired in my office framed and hung in the dining room?"

"I wanted to buy them myself," she said softly. "but I didn't feel I should be so extravagant. They would be just the finishing touch to these walls."

David's business was the handling of old English prints, and it pleased him not a little to know that he could with complete artistic taste use some in his own home.

"I'm hoping when the apartment is finished, and I am no longer your client, that you will come in occasionally and look over my collection. I am just next door."

"When your wife is back," said Monica in a curiously hard voice. "You will not be knowing who is next door to you—or caring?"

This was the only dangerous bit of ground she had stepped on during their acquaintance, and she realized it the moment the words left her lips. She laughed quickly, giving him no time to reply, then went over and let her fingers run idly over the keys of the splendid toned grand piano they had bought together and installed in the big studio. It was dusk now and David switched on the light. One of the exquisite rose shades sent its charm wandering softly through the room. Monica continued to play in order to still the thumping of her heart. She wanted to gain calm before again essaying speech.

David came and stood behind her, looking down at her golden head.

"Now sit in that comfy Chesterfield," he commanded gently, as if for many days he had been picturing her there and was now actually seeing her.

The color flamed swiftly into Monica's cheeks—cheeks that had grown too pale under the strain of David's companionship. She arose, however, knowing that obeying his whims was the better part to play.

"Now," he said softly, and with a great amount of controlled emotion beneath his tones, "if you just had some sewing—"

"David—don't," she cried swiftly.

"I will," he said, and held her close within his arms. "I have loved you for ages. I loved your voice over the telephone when I could hear you talking with upholsterers, rug men, furniture men, and too many times with other men with whom you made lunch engagements. All this I could easily hear when our windows were open." David was speaking swiftly now, for Monica's hair was brushing his face and her lips were trembling, and he had to hold her fiercely in order to still the quivering of her body; "and once I saw you entering my office. It was that day I decided to have a wife—I want you, dear, as soon as you can make up your mind to come."

Monica looked slowly at the wonderful studio—just the kind of home she had dreamed of—then back to the love in David's eyes, just the kind of eyes she had dreamed of.

"September's only three days off," she said, "and I have three estimates to get out before—"

"Then will my wife come home to me?"

"She couldn't help coming even if she wanted to—David."

Economical Heating.

The sun itself heats the hot water used by many residents of Monrovia and other places in Southern California. The sunshine water heater consists of a coil of pipe arranged in a box about four inches deep with a copper bottom and a glass top. The apparatus is usually placed on the roof or in a similar exposed location. The rays of the sun heat the water in the pipe and thus set up a circulation that carries the water to a storage tank, from which it is drawn for household uses. The storage tank is so thoroughly insulated that the loss of temperature during the night is not usually more than 4 or 5 degrees. Southern California is unusually favored with sunshine, but there seems to be no reason why this economical method of heating water should not be used in other parts of the country during hot, sunny weather.

Red-Headed People Feared.

"Salute no red-haired man nearer than 30 feet off," runs an old French saying, "and even so, hold three stones in the fist wherewith to defend thyself." From biblical times to the present day can be traced the prejudice against red hair. "Never lodge at red-haired people's houses," runs a precept in the fifteenth century "Boke of Curtasye." "for these be folks that are to drede." According to one tradition this distrust of red-haired people dates from the time of Judas, who, himself red-haired, caused treachery to be ever afterward connected with hair of that color.

Leaning Tower Centuries Old.

The famous leaning tower of Pisa is of pure white Carrara marble in the Gothic style. Its departure from the perpendicular has been variously interpreted, but there is little doubt that it arises from the softness of the soil on which it stands and which has given way. Notwithstanding its threatening appearance it has now stood for more than six hundred years without decay.



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